# Stinky Old Women.

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When I was married playing husband, daddy roles, my mother-in-law lived in another state. When my daughter was between 4-5, grandma visited for the holidays. Now said daughter was a standoffish kid until she got to know a person. When grandma visited that year, she wanted nothing to do with her. The kid did not know this odd woman because grandma was not around her enough, and little kids minds shift gears very quickly to forget people unless in constant contact with them. Upon arrival, when grandma tried to hug her grand daughter she hid behind me and would not come out from safety of her hidey-hole. Why me kid and not your mother, “so that old lady will not get me,” she said; same for when the child came home from school with kid-cooties. I caught her every bug – never her mother. What did I do to you kid? Creative misery togetherness – daddy, daughter bonding moment’s sick in bed with kid-cooties. Anyway, that kid wanted nothing to do with her grandmother, which peeved the woman quite a bit: ‘I am your grandmother!’ she exclaimed. Daughter's take on that – ‘yeah, so what.’ Later in private I asked, ‘what is up with you and grandma?’ ‘*I’m not hugging that stinky old woman...*,’ she petulantly replied. Hmmmm, I had to laugh at that one because grandma, like most old women, wore very strong ‘*old lady’* perfume one could smell for days after she left the building with all the windows open. They take bathes in the stuff I suppose for old women reek of it to high heaven – I am gagging somebody give me air, fresh air. ‘Ok, I agree, you do not have to hug grandma if you do not wish to do so*...but do not let grandma hear you calling her a* ***stinky old woman,*** *’ I said giving her moral support.* After a few days, she was sitting in grandma’s lap getting ‘*grandmaaed*’ with kisses, hugs and the works but only after she warmed up to the woman stinky or no. Now as an adult, she is still friendly but only after getting to know a person.

**Stinky Grandma**